WHERE EXTREMES MEET IN ENTERTAINING

The Lavishness and Extravagance of the Rich; the Makeshifts and Economies of the Poor.

By CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.

All sorts and conditions of men and women assemble at a national capital. Thither come not only the chief officials of the government, the lawmakers, and the great army they employ, but those who aim to influence congress, parliament, or the court, as the case may be, the captains of industry and their crews, those seeking redress for real or fancied grievances, officeseekers, and the very rich, to whom official grandeur and claptrap have ever been alluring.

This latter class is especially prominent in Washington, which tempts the plutocrats to establish residences here not only because it is the seat of government, but because it is the most beautiful city in the western hemisphere and, as far as it has gone, the most beautiful city in the world, hence an agreeable place in which to live.

It offers no opportunity for the accumulation of great fortunes, no business advantages; but there is no American city where life is so comfortable, luxurious, and worth while. There is beauty and charm on every side; with a few exceptions, the public buildings are magnificent and inspiring; the streets are well paved and well kept; the parks are lovely at all seasons, even in midwinter, and there is an absence of the stir and excitement of commerce, the hurry and flurry of business; no talk of trade mars social intercourse.

Social Life Well Ordered.

Its official life is dignified and serene, its social life well ordered and brilliant, more brilliant since the multi-millionaires tempted by all the Capital offers have established their Lares and Penates here. The chief things it offers to these is an agreeable asylum in which to dispense the great fortunes made in less attractive centers, and social recognition which it is often difficult for them to attain in their old homes where the foundations of their fortunes were laid.

Thus Washington has become the winter home for the rich, those who live on the rich, their camp followers, as it were, and those who have axes to grind with the coming of this motley assemblage, the customs, habits, and standards of nearly a century have been changed. The comfortable old-fashioned, provincial if-you-will ways that formerly marked the Capital as a hospitable Southern town have been displaced by smart, modern, cosmopolitan fashions.

A dinner in a fashionable house in the West End of Washington differs in no regard from a dinner in a fashionable house of London or Paris. The domination of the millionaires has swept away all local color, swept it away, at least, from the homes of those who aspire to be in the fashionable set, for local color, and individuality are bad form, and the only open sesame to this set is strict conventionality.

Good Old Days Are Gone.

A veteran diplomatist, who twenty-five years ago was a popular gallant in society at the Capital, which he constantly diverted, and amused by doing eccentric things, returned for a visit in the early part of the season. "Where, oh, where," he asked, "is the society of yesterday. In those good old days I knew every young woman in society well enough to call her by her first name. The dowagers bullyragged me into doing stunts for them at dinner, we were a happy lot, all of us and I never went anywhere where I did not have a good time, but now it's all changed. You have become so smart, so smart there are no more good times. I am told that it is bad form to sit on the stoop in the lovely spring time, and flirt with one's next door neighbor, and you and I even miss the old time darky coachmen, who used to skin out of their liveries when they returned from driving madame about for the afternoon calls, to help serve at dinner—those picturesque negroes that always saluted you from the box and grinned from ear to ear in a knowing way, and sympathetic way if you happen to have a young woman with you. Now you are so ultraelegant with those stolid Englismen in their immaculate liveries, but I sigh for the society of yesterday. Your smartness makes me homesick.

It is exaggerating a bit, perhaps, to say that the fashionable dinners differ in no regard from those in Paris and London. They do differ in being more elegant, more ostentatious, at least those dinners at which the newly rich and the newly arrived are hosts, and they are often vulgarly extravagant. A few years ago a millionaire miner appeared in town with the avowed intention of electrifying society and he succeeded both in electrifying it and disgusting it to such an extent that he disappeared after his first mad season.

Gave Expensive Dinner.

Among other entertainments which this knight of the pick and shovel gave was a dinner that is said to have cost several hundred dollars a plate. The great room in which it took place was converted into a flower garden, and the whole world was rifled for delicacies to surprise and delight the palates of the guests.

Flowers were sent from Florida, fruit from California by special express. Elaborate shades were designed to screen the electric lights for this one occasion. An orchestra, brought on from New York, played classic selections behind a lattice of American Beauty roses.

Gold plate was used on the table and the name cards were painted by clever and well-known artists. With the dessert small packages were handed to the guests which contained jeweled baubles for the women, watches, rings, bracelets, and purses, and for the men scarfpins set with diamonds, watch fobs, rings, little gifts that cost thousands of dollars, and after the distribution of these there was still another surprise to come.

Hanging from the ceiling and suspended just over the table was a great flower balloon, lighted up with electric lights, so exquisitely constructed that every one had remarked upon it.

When dinner was nearly over, the balloon swung open at an unseen signal from the host and a shower of hundreds of American Beauty roses fell over the table, the guests, and the floor, for which there was a picturesque scramble.

A little later than the date of this dinner a ball was given by the wife of a millionaire, the architect of his own splendid fortune, who climbed from the bottom of the ladder to the topmost rung, who amassed his great wealth through frugality and hard work, and who, knowing full well the value of money and despising ostentation, yet allows his wife to squander it at will.

For her great fete this millionairess built an addition to her house, which is one of the most spacious in town, a great ballroom, large enough to accommodate an army of people, which was equipped with a heating plant, hung with draperies and decorated with flowers as only the streets and palaces of Rome are decorated for some great, gala occasion.

Like a Flower Garden.

Fluted columns were placed at regular intervals around the salon, the top of which were crowned with huge baskets filled with branches of roses with their foliage, oleanders, and geraniums. These baskets were connected by green garlands twined about and studded with flowers, and in every available space were mounds of blossoms and clusters of bloom.

A great table decorated with flowers, pyramids of nougat, glace, fruits, and glistening with gold and crystal, was spread at one end of the room, from which was served during the whole evening every possible delicacy, while rivers of champagne flowed and two orchestras, in different parts of the house, played throughout the reception. Sardanapalus could have learned some new lessons in extravagance from this banquet, and Cleopatra's famous pearl would not have rivaled it in cost.

The dinners this woman gave were likewise marvelous affairs. Her favorite service was mauve, for which the cloth was of satin of this shade with a deep border of velvet. Over this was spread a point lace cover so exquisitely fine that its proper place was in a museum. The gold candelabra held perfumed mauve candles shaded with silk orchids, the huge gold bowl in the center of the table was filled with the same flowers, and there were bunches of orchids at each woman's plate, with single ones for the men's buttonholes. The bonbons were colored mauve, the petits four were tinted mauve, the ice cream was of the same sickly shade. It was verily a mauve dinner, the only other notes being the gold plate and the gowns of the women, for the "orchid hostess," as she was sometimes called, never succeeded in persuading her women guests to aid her in carrying out her color scheme by wearing mauve gowns.

Small Fortune in Favors.

A description of some of the cotillions given in Washington would read like a page from the "Arabian Nights." At some of these the favors alone represented a small fortune, to say nothing of the supper and ballroom decorations. Spring hats for the women and walking sticks for the men were the favors for one of the figures of a noted german, and not long ago gold viniagrettes, studded with jewels, and solid gold cigar cutters were bestowed upon the fortunate guests; but no Washington german ever cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, as did the recent coming-out ball of a young Philadelphia heiress, when the decorations of the ballroom were tropical butterflies and singing birds.

It makes one ashamed to write of it, and it should make every one ashamed who reads of it, for such vulgar extravagance would be bad enough if it affected only those who indulge in it, but it has its effect upon every weak mind and every foolish soul who hear of it.

The mistake those in moderate circumstances make is in trying to vie with the rich, which is truer of Washington than of any other place, for at the Capital there is a large population of officials who have nothing to depend upon but their salaries and who feel, and rightly feel, that they are entitled to just as high a social position as those who have nothing to recommend them save an inexhaustible bank account.

If a woman whose income is expressed by six figures has orchids on her table, terrapin and canvas back on her menu, and imported champagne among her wines there is no reason why a woman whose husband's salary is only five or six thousand dollars a year should affect these extravagances, yet this is constantly being done in Washington. A hostess in moderate circumstances feels that she should offer exactly the same menu that is served by her plutocratic neighbor because "people expect it," and she has not the courage to disappoint them or because false pride tempts her to assume a magnificence her resources do not warrant.

Only recently a certain government official confessed to his friends that he was forced to resign his position and return to the practice of his profession because he "could not afford to keep up with the social procession."

It occurs but to few people that it is not necessary "to keep up with the social procession," and at the bottom of this false standard and false pride is that universal and deep-seated feeling peculiar to Americans that a man must live as well as his neighbor, that he must not be outdone by any one, and so the poor, that they may seem to live as well as the rich, make shifts that are in no wise to their credit and put on a veneer that deceives no one.

Knew Art of Entertaining.

There was once upon a time a woman in official life—the dear lady is dead these several years—who gave frequent and pretentious dinners to return the hospitality of those who had dined her, for her husband was a man high in the government councils and they were constantly entertained. Her only resource was her husband's salary, yet she gave dinners that sounded quite as well in print as did those of the wealthiest entertainers, and they had an acceptable flavor, too.

Everybody wondered how she did it, and many people found out, for she was so proud of her makeshifts that she was wont to brag of them when she had an appreciative audience. At her formal dinners a few natural flowers and foliage were massed with quantities of artificial ones, marvelous imitations in mauve made by her own hands; her bonbons were bought at market for 15 cents a pound, but on top of these were a few pennies' worth of peppermint wafers bearing the stamp of a fashionable confectioner; the terrapin was made from chicken and turkey giblets, flavored with a slider or two; the canvas-back ducks were ordinary puddle ducks, the very smallest to be had, cooked with celery in such a way that they had a flavor which suggested, at least, the birds they masqueraded as. The first bottle of champagne served was a well-known imported brand; those that followed domestic wine so thoroughly frozen that the flavor could not be discerned, and so on throughout the dinnner, during which the guests were beguiled with accounts of how the ducks had been sent to her from the South, the terrapin from a friend's farm on the Eastern Shore; how she had selected the salad herself, making a pilgrimage to market for the purpose, and other such fairy tales, which deluded every guest into the belief that he was a gourmet because he appreciated the flavor.

Deceived an Epicure.

Every dinner this woman gave was a tour de force that would have excited the admiration of any one who could know how she had planned and schemed and worked to make it a success. But there was one doubting epicure who declared he knew her terrapin was only an imitation, because he could recognize the diamond-back bones, and there were no diamond-back bones in the terrapin stew served at her table.

This assertion coming to the ears of the versatile hostess, she determined to prove to him that, though epicure as he was, he was not infallible; so the next time he dined at her table he found an abundance of bones and the right kind of bones in his terrapin, yet it was made of chicken livers and sliders as formerly, and it always troubled that epicure to know where she got those bones.

It is the newcomers, the wives and daughters of new officials, who are anxious and ambitious to have the social recognition they regard as due to their positions, who make the most display. Those who remain for long at the Capital come gradually to realize that it is useless to try and screen their poverty behind a brave exterior, for their subterfuges are sure to be discovered and laughed at or pitied, as the case may be.

The bump of reverence and respect is but little developed in the cranium of the average American, especially the provincial, and villagers who shone in their own little circle at home cannot realize that it is impossible for them to shine with the same luster in a great capital which has become the winter home of the richest people in the country.

From the Pastures Green.

There was a wonderful musicale given in town a season or two back by one of the great mining kings who has established a home here. The vocal soloists came from the Metropolitan Opera House, and the violinist has a world-wide reputation. The programme was well chosen, the supper delicious and perfectly served, the decorations beautiful. The whole affair, indeed, was so fine that no one of ordinary intelligence and ordinary means would have for a moment harbored the thought of trying to approach it, but a certain little hostess from Green Pastures did not see why she could not give just as fine a musicale as the muti-millionaire, so she sent home for the leader of the church choir to come and make her a visit, and together they set about arranging a musicale that would cost "little or nothing," as the ambitious hostess herself put it, yet would throw quite into the shade the magnificent performance at which she had been an envious guest. Needless to say what would have been an affair splendid in Green Pastures was a dismal failure in Washington, for even art cannot succeed here unless it has the fashionable stamp.

In older social centers individuality is cultivated and admired. In Washington those who diverge a hair's breadth from the beaten track of fashion are adjudged eccentric. There is only one standard, the fashionable standard. The dinners are all alike, the teas do not vary one from the other, the receptions resemble each other as do peas in a pod. If an enterprising hostess endeavors to tempt the jaded appetites or awake the dormant interest of her blaze guests, she is immediately looked upon as either ignorant or queer.

Benjamin Franklin himself would not be acceptable to the Mrs. Grundies of Washington if he did not conform. No one in society has the courage of his convictions, no one would dare to offer chocolate when tea was in style, and vice versa.

Society in every large American city is a game of follow-my-leader, and nowhere is the game played so faithfully as in Washington, so small follow the great, the poor follow the rich, and sometimes they follow very, very far behind, so far behind that they are quite lost sight of.

BIRTHDAY OF MRS. KENNON

Oldest Living Descendant of Martha Washington Resides in Georgetown.

January 28, 1910, will be the ninety-fifth anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Britannia Wellington Kennon, of Tudor place, Georgetown, the oldest living descendant of Martha Washington, and her only surviving great-grandchild, who with undiminished interests and mentally well, stands within reach of the century mark.

About her cluster her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, brightening her life with daily visits and multiform attentions, and surrounding her with an atmosphere of love. She enjoys seeing her acquaintances, also, receiving them, seated in her arm chair, whose cushions back she ignores, talking brightly and cheerfully, and specially appreciating a joke. Until recently she occupied herself with knitting, "never dropping a stitch," and at Christmas took a keen interest in the preparation and dispatching of gifts to her friends.

Mrs. Kennon has lived in her present historic home—hers by inheritance and her birth place—almost continuously for ninety-five years, playing as a child beneath the splendid native trees, then shading grounds of six acres and now a half square in extent. When she was nine years old Lafayette made his triumphal tour of the States, and she distinctly remembers him as a house guest at Tudor place.

Indeed, the distinguished generally—who converted Mount Vernon into "a well resorted to inn"—came naturally to a home presided over by one reared as a daughter there. Washington transferred his affection, too, to the children of Mrs. Kennon's generation, teaching her oldest sister—who was Mrs. Washington's first great-grandchild—to walk. In the splendid collection of Washington relics at Tudor place there is a souvenir of this connection in a coral and bells, his gift to her, while "in death they are not divided," her tiny casket lying next and behind his own.

* * * * *

Although a loyal and devoted Episcopalian, Mrs. Kennon was educated at the Academy of the Visitation, at Georgetown, of which she is the oldest living ex-pupil. In 1842, she married Commodore Beverly Kennon, son of Gen. Richard Kennon, of Conjurors Neck, near Petersburg, Va., a home handed down for generations from father to son, whose erection antedates William and Mary College, Blanford Church, Richmond, and Petersburg.

The wedding ceremony took place in the drawing-room at Tudor place, the company drinking the couple's health in wine from Washington's cellar. Their married life of fifteen months was spent at the Washington Navy Yard, of which Commodore Kennon was then in command, terminating in his tragic death in March, 1844, by the explosion of a gun on the Princeton when with their only child—afterward the wife of the late Dr. Armistead Peter, of Georgetown—she returned to Tudor place.

* * * *

While her daughter was at school in Philadelphia, Mrs. Kennon spent a few years in that city. She also refugeed during the first year of the civil war, in Richmond. The remainder of her long and useful life has been spent in her ancestral home, refuting the modern theory of the necessity to mental and physical health of change. Here, honors have sought her out, and few women have filled so many positions of responsibility and distinction.

Many of these have been relinquished with advancing years. She is still, however, the honorary vice president (for life) of the National Society of the Colonial Dames; the president of the Society of the Colonial Dames, of the District of Columbia; the honorary president of the Alumnae Association of the Georgetown Academy of the Visitation; and the president of the board of managers of the Louise Home, of Washington, of which she was one of the original nine directresses.

Living with Mrs. Kennon, at Tudor place, is her grandson, the Rev. Freeland Peter, Dr. McKim's assistant at Epiphany P. E. Church, Washington, and her granddaughter, Miss Agnes Peter; while near her are two other grandsons with their families, Mr. Armistead Peter, and Mr. Walter Peter, a prominent architect.

SABBATH FOR CLERGY

Continued from Page One.

mental food instead of constantly taking from him?

No Worse Than Doctors.

Most of the clergy declare they work no harder than do the doctors, but if they wish to establish the idea that it is healthy to work seven days per week, the illustration is not a happy one. Within the memory of Washingtonians not yet aged is the passing from their sphere of usefulness in this city, within a few years of one another, such splendid, untiring physicians as Drs. James C. Hall, Dr. Samuel Miller, Dr. A. Y. P. Garnet, Dr. W. W. Johnson, Dr. Morgan, Dr. Daniel Hagner, Dr. Busey, Dr. Lincoln, none of them very old men, all dear to the city's heart, all in full mental vigor, but with heart worn out through bearing the burdens of others.

Only to the ministers mentioned above did The Washington Herald representative present the question as to a rest day for the clergy, because of limited space and because these gentlemen are entirely representative of the best thought in matters pertaining to the religious world. In appreciation of the interest shown for their welfare by the public through the press, these gentlemen wished to give out written statements of their ideas on the subject, but in every case time for personal matters was so limited that the plan had to be abandoned, except in one case, where the minister tried for ten days to find time to write 300 words, and then mailed his rough notes at 3 o'clock Monday morning. Is not this significant of the need for a little personal time?

One of the ministers seemed to think that a month or six weeks' holiday should be sufficient after a year's work; but taking example by the well-thought-out plan of the government for the best results in the usefulness of its clerks, a month should be allowed for holiday and change of scene, a month, if necessary, for illness, and a day each week for personal use or rest. If this ever comes about there will not be so many congregations mourning the brief career of a loved head.

WEDS WANDERING WOMAN.

Husband Now Seeks Divorce from "Six-shooter Kate."

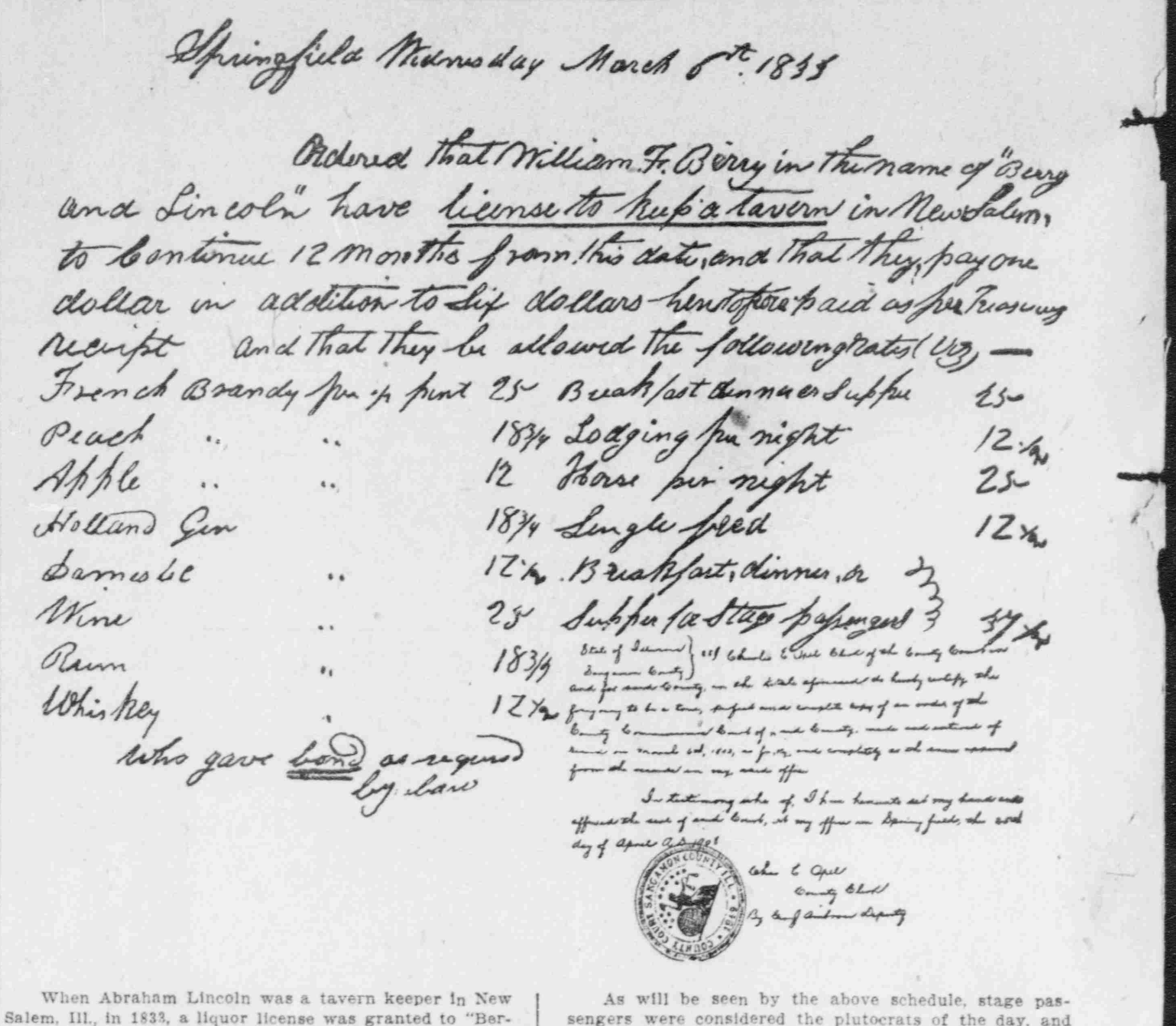
Spokane, Wash., Jan. 22.—Strenuous and out of the ordinary was the courtship of Andrew Fromherz, a lime burner, living near Republic, Wash., and his wife, Mabel Fromherz, known as "Six Shooter Kate" throughout the northern part of Washington, according to a petition for legal separation filed by the husband in the Spokane County Superior Court, on a change of venue from Ferry County.

Fromherz says he met the woman wandering in the dense timber near his home one night and took her to his house to rest and dry her clothes. She refused to leave, so he quit his home.

She then followed him to the limekilns where he was at work, and proposed marriage, and after several refusals sought a lawyer, who threatened suit for breach of promise. Fromherz compromised by promising to wed, and they were married.

Then, according to the complaint, the woman drove Fromherz from his home and forced him to sleep in a hut, finally deserting him. He passed the winter in the shack, freezing both feet, and suffering other injuries which made it necessary to take treatment in a hospital. Mrs. Fromherz is reported to be in the woods, either in Washington or Idaho.

RATES FOR FOOD AND DRINK AT LINCOLN'S TAVERN.



Springfield Wednesday March 6th 1833

Ordered that William F. Berry in the name of "Berry and Lincoln" have license to keep a tavern in New Salem, to Continue 12 months from this date, and that they pay one dollar in addition to six dollars heretofore paid as per Treasurers receipt and that they be allowed the following rates (viz) —

French Brandy per ½ pint	25	Breakfast dinner or supper	25
Peach	18¾	Lodging per night	12½
Apple	12	Horse per night	25
Holland Gin	18¾	Single feed	12½
Domestic ..	12½	Breakfast, dinner, or Supper for Stage passengers	37½
Wine ..	25		
Rum ..	18¾		
Whiskey	12½		

who gave bond as required by law

When Abraham Lincoln was a tavern keeper in New Salem, Ill., in 1833, a liquor license was granted to "Berry & Lincoln," the license fee being $7. A facsimile of this document is herewith produced.

Prices for lodging, board, and refreshments were indicated, and some of them are as follows:

"Breakfast, dinner, or supper, 25c."
"Lodging, per night, 12½c."
"Horse, per night, 25c."
"Single feed for horse, 12½c."
"Breakfast, dinner, or supper for stage passengers, 37½c."
"French brandy, per half pint, 25c."
"Holland gin, 18¾c per half pint."
"Whisky, 12½c per half pint."

As will be seen by the above schedule, stage passengers were considered the plutocrats of the day, and were forced to pay 50 per cent higher rates than other lodgers. Horses were estimated as consuming food to one-half the value of that of a man. The prices for liquids will prove interesting by comparison with the prices of to-day.

There is nothing to indicate that the future President himself served his patrons. Lincoln at this time was postmaster at New Salem, was land surveyor, and had begun the study of law. He was a candidate for the State legislature, to which he was elected in 1834, which would indicate that his interest in the tavern was proprietary, rather than personal.

THE WORKING BOYS' HOME

A short news item in the newspapers several days ago told that some members of the Lambs Club, in New York City had made voluntary subscriptions to the Working Boys' Home and Children's Aid Association, of Washington. This was an encouraging glimpse of the splendid part this philanthropy is taking in Washington in helping working boys to help themselves, giving them a chance to make something of their lives, portraying manhood in the making at the Working Boys' Home.

The parents of sheltered children think little of the few safeguards ordinarily thrown around the boy who must strike out in the world for himself. In the dawn of youth the blow falls, sometimes through death, sometimes through the weakness of parents, sometimes through the ambition of the boy who feels bounding in his veins the will to put on the sword and shield of labor and go out into the world to win his way.

What Chance Has a Boy?

Out in the world tossed hither and thither by the fierce cohorts of industrial competition what chance is there for a boy of say fifteen or sixteen without a home to save himself from the world? Meager wages, the selfishness of humanity, press him against the wall of indifference and he lives a pitiful existence in some cheap lodging house, ill fed, undernourished, and drifting the way of the cheap theaters, the thousand and one glaring vices of the great city attract his budding mind and passions and soon the heritage of his boyhood is gone—he is a mere unit in the world of labor and his inborn right of better things has been blunted and stunted. Half-educated, weak, yet pleasure-loving, good-natured, fond of tawdry finery, it is from this class that our first offenders come, from the boy who lost his chance in the vital years of youth.

But in the city of Washington thoughtful men and women have provided a way station for the working boy, what is more a home for him, a shelter where after the hours of labor are over, the boy has his chance of a decent home, decent companions, study, reading, good meals, clean, sweet sleep, a room of his own, religious training without cant, a debating and literary society where his growing mind is allowed to exercise itself on the problems of the day, social entertainments, care when he is ill, and the influence of the good motherly superintendent, Mrs. J. D. Tyson, who knows boys from the ground up, and loves them all.

Not a Charity Organization.

The Working Boys' Home is not a charity organization, it is a home where every member able to work pays his stipend toward the general fund, where each boy feels independent and has a right to feel so, because he is paying his way through the world.

It is situated at Third and C streets northwest, to be exact, at 230 C street, and the home is a beautiful roomy old mansion, up-to-date in all its environments, without the slightest taint of institution atmosphere. While strict order is maintained for the good of all, the boys are not trained to the touch of the bell. Individuality is encouraged and developed and the aim of the board of directors and the superintendent is to keep the home idea uppermost in its fullest and best sense.

The society that cares for the lads is the successor of the Newsboys Aid Association that did such great work for the boys of the street a number of years ago. Lately the industrial world has opened more attractive fields for boy labor than the pittance to be picked up at selling papers and the energies of the association are now directed to the working boys, boys who hold situations in offices, stores, and shops.

Mrs. J. D. TYSON,
Superintendent of the Working Boys' Home.

Memorial for Mrs. Maulsby.

The spacious building is a memorial from Mrs. Anna M. Maulsby, and bears the name of the George Maulsby Memorial Home, in memory of a noble hearted Washingtonian, whose gracious widow thought it better to enshrine his memory in boys lives than to build the usual useless stone monuments.

The home is run under the jurisdiction of the Working Boys' Home and Children's Aid Association and has a capable board of trustees consisting of some of the best known leaders in the social world in Washington. Among the persons on the board of trustees for 1909 were Commander F. A. Miller, U. S. N., president; Mrs. Andrew C. Bradley, Mrs. W. A. De Caindry, Mrs. C. M. Foulke, E. M. Gallaudet, Mrs. Nicholas Luquer, H. B. McFarland, Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Charles Parrish, Mrs. J. C. Poor, Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, and Thomas F. Walsh.

The board of managers is headed by Mrs. C. M. Foulke, president, and among the honorary vice presidents of the association is Mrs. William H. Taft, wife of the President, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Henry Yates Satterlee, widow of the late bishop, Mrs. Henry Wells, Mrs. William Kerr, and Mrs. S. N. D. North. Miss F. G. Childs, of Chevy Chase, is the treasurer, and Mrs. L. M. Prindle, the secretary.

Young Society Folk Aid.

A junior committee consisting of young society folk here are constantly working for the home and get up many pleasing entertainments.

Recently a plan has been evolved of securing a permanent income for the home, a short seeing Congress having reduced its Congressional appropriation from $1,000 yearly to $750.00. It is a calendar plan of having persons subscribe $15.54, which pays all the expenses of the home for a day. A good many of these days have been taken as memorials and surely one's money could raise no greater memorial to loved ones than by helping these sturdy boys to win their way. In addition to this, other wealthy friends have each given a hundred dollars a year for three years and an annual income is assured thereby of more than $1,200.

Of course, the board paid by the boys in these days of high prices of food stuffs, with the careful buying even of Mrs. Tyson, does not really pay their expenses in the home, but it is their all and the giving of it makes them as independent as any guests at a fashionable hotel. Of course, every homeless working boy in Washington cannot be cared for in the home, but it is safe to say that no decent appearing boy ever knocks at the door without at least a courteous and sympathetic hearing and a bit of good cheer, even if he cannot be accepted into the fellowship of the house itself.

Cheerful Lot There.

At the home are assembly rooms, dormitories, a gymnasium, reading-rooms and a great open court that serves the little chaps for a playground. The interior is cosily fitted up. There are about forty boys under this roof, and if you want an evening of sincere fun, go down and visit the boys and hear the merry laughter that, kept within bounds, still sometimes overflows like good wine from a bubbling glass. How would you like to have charge of the forty, to encourage some, rebuke others, and act as a mother in general to forty boys alien in blood but still kindred in that touch of nature which makes the world akin, that bond of humanity that makes of all sorts and conditions of men one family?

Yet the management of these forty youngsters, from tiny tots to youth and budding into manhood, is the task of the general and efficient superintendent of the home, Mrs. J. D. Tyson, a lady with the mother heart and the enthusiasm for her work and mission that are unfailing mediums and guides to success. One hears but one paean of praise from the boys about the superintendent, they delight in telling how well she cares for them.

Had Mission School.

Mrs. Tyson had training in work among boys in a mission school in the mountains of North Carolina, where she assisted the brilliant son of the late Bishop of Washington, the Rev. Churchill Satterlee, whose untimely death in early manhood was a distinct loss to the church militant.

The prime factor with the boy is what he gets to eat, and that they have abundant and varied fare at the home can be attested by a resume of one day's menu. Breakfast, cereal, fried potatoes, meat or fish, bread, butter, and plenty of milk. Dinner, roast of some kind, vegetables, and dessert. Supper, stewed fruit, bread, butter, tea, and milk. On Sunday a special breakfast is served, for all the boys are home then and a happy family meal is enjoyed. The Sunday and holiday dinner is a sumptuous one, with chicken or turkey, and occasional ice cream and always fruit.

In summer the whole home adjourns temporarily to God's outdoors, and camps in a secluded spot in the pretty woods near the Cathedral in Tennallytown, where berry picking and long rambles through the shadows and sunshine of the woods, lots of healthy sport, and good vegetables and fruit lay a splendid foundation for the most strenuous work of the winter.

SELF-SUPPORTING YOUNG AMERICANS.

Teacher's Salaries in Virginia.

Joseph D. Eggleston, jr., in January Southern Workman.

In many of our counties and in some of the cities, teachers' salaries have been increased. This increase is forcing less progressive counties and cities to raise their salaries in order to keep their best teachers. Some of the counties are paying better salaries than some of the cities. A few of the counties and cities have not responded to the great awakening in the State and are still paying salaries that are altogether inadequate; but the pressure is becoming too great to withstand, and they will soon be in line.